Flashback

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WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY

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PRESERVING THE PAST
FOR THE FUTURE

Preserving the Past for the Future

Flashback

Washington County Historical Society

118 East Dickson Street, Fayetteville, AR 72701

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R.L. "Bob" Maddox
circa 1920

ONE ORPHAN'S ODYSSEY

Final Installment

In the spring of 1917, Wallace Greenlee of Fort Smith was organizing a ballyhoo band to join a carnival in Roxton, Texas. Bert Swift, Deck Yoes and I, through Bert's influence, decided to go along. I closed my business, but I kept the room over the bank. It cost only $2.50 per month. I rented it until I married. Bert Swift was a drummer, Deck Yoes played trombone, and my instrument was cornet. We caught up with the others in Fort Smith. Greenlee, as the band's leader, signed on

members: Greenlee, cornetist; Herbert Johnson, cornet; Gene Williams, clarinet; Jim Floyd, trombone; Luke Leard, baritone; Johnny Ozment, bass drum; and another fellow, bass horn. We rehearsed morning, noon and night in three hour sessions, using an upstairs room on Garrison Avenue, near the river. Before the summer was over, we had twenty-five or more tunes we did with some confidence. In actual performances we played from memory. The third morning after our Fort Smith arrival, we boarded a train for Roxton with our instruments and each guy had a trunk. We were in high spirits, confident; in fact, pretty cocky.

The carnival we joined was the Hopper Greater Shows, a brand new outfit owned by Mr. Harry Hopper. Clean canvas, bright, shiny concessions with well-dressed professional looking personnel. We usually played one-week stands, on occasion two weeks, moving on Saturday night or Sunday. When our first two weeks ended, our bass horn player quit. Disaster! Can you imagine a ballyhoo band with no bass? Greenlee prevailed on me to try the bass. This was one happy decision. I was not a cornetist, never would be, but I did learn to play that old E- flat bass.

Our best spot all summer was Brownsville. They were having a sheep and goat-raisers' convention lasting two weeks. When we moved into town, the whole show was broke. One of our concessions, a black and red percentage wheel, was spun by a fellow showman down to his last three dollars. The wheel had no gimmicks, shills, or anything shady connected to it. Just a big, flashy gadget with mirrors all over it. A big guy in overalls ambled over and asked, "What's the limit?" Our attendant replied, "The sky!" The Texan laid down a hundred dollar bill, the wheel spun, the gambler lost, but he strolled off like the bet was for a dime!

That's the way the whole two weeks went. Those folks

had plenty of dough and didn't mind throwing it around. Opening night the girls in the dance tent all got rich. The fee for a dance was 15 cents. The boys would give the ticket seller a quarter, and the gals kept the dime change as a tip. However, the next night the locals were prepared. They'd all gone to the local bank and stocked up on nickels and dimes. When the show closed about 1:00 a.m., there were two water buckets full of buffalo nickels and nearly a half bucket of dimes. Leaving Brownsville everybody was flush.

San Antonio was our final job together. It was before prohibition and everything was wide open. The famous Buck Horn Saloon was, indeed, a saloon and not a soft drink establishment. I picked up a free lunch with a glass of beer. I ate in the biggest dining room I ever saw—2,000 people seated. All 2,000 were eating a 15 cent dinner served with everything from soup and salad to dessert at no extra charge. We attended a concert by the San Antonio Symphony Orchestra at a cost of 50 cents for a balcony seat. One could see a good movie in those days for a nickel.

Late that summer, the War Department issued an order for all young men to register for the selective service. We dutifully registered in a small town in Texas. Though registered in Texas, we were under our home draft board's jurisdiction. This registering business changed everything! I began marking time until I went into the service.

In the fall of 1917, I decided to join the Masonic Lodge if they would accept me. A friend obtained a petition so I could apply for membership, a first step. This happened early in November. My sponsor mentioned it might be the middle of December before the petition would be acted upon. I anxiously awaited word.

I never heard a thing until the night of the community Christmas tree at the Methodist church. This event was a great affair for everyone in Winslow. Young men searched

the countryside to fetch a tree as big as they knew could be put inside the church. The womenfolks would decorate it with homemade, as well as store-bought, ornaments. The day of the project, sometimes the day before, too, individuals would be at the church to receive all gifts and place them 'round under the tree.

The long-anticipated event began with the singing of Christmas carols followed by some other entertainment and a word from our preacher, at which point we'd distribute the gifts. Noah Stockburger whispered in my ear that I had been elected to join the Masonic Lodge. Well, I don't remember any other gift I received that Christmas. Noah had given me the best! This all happened on a Monday night. I was initiated the next Thursday, December 17, 1917, the festival of Saint John the Evangelist. So began my Masonic career. When I took my third degree on February 2, 1918, I was thrilled beyond measure! Now, after some 54 years it is still a wonderful feeling to be a member. Masonry gave me something instructive, wholesome, and interesting to do. I took on Masonic work at a time in my life when I needed a truth to cling to. I was starving for fellowship.

I got Uncle Sam's call to appear for induction on June 6th. I was the only one from Winslow except George (Peg Leg) Williams. We were subjected to the well-known entry physical. George had a leg off below the knee and kinda argued with the medics about undressing, to no avail. He finally stripped. There he was, naked as a picked chicken, pegging around on his wooden leg, mad as a wet hen, and embarrassed as an old maid at a foot washing. His rejection put him in a good humor, though, and he kidded with the rest of us about being Uncle Sam's naked army.

At Camp Pike we went through another physical, took shots, were issued clothing with no fittings, and assigned barracks. The first morning, at 3:45 a.m. to be exact, a

corporal waked me for guard duty. It proved to be the only guard duty I pulled during my entire military career. He shoved a broomstick at me and moved me on to my post, about fifty yards, back and forth, in front of a kitchen.

Our first day in camp we took a couple of IQ tests. I got one of the biggest surprised of my life when the sergeant ordered, "All of you who cannot read and write take two steps forward!" I thought the whole darned detail was about to step out leaving me alone! It was not quite that bad, but about 50% were illiterate.

On the third day I got a break! I was called to the office and told I was being transferred to Dept. Brigade Hdqtrs. where they were organizing a new band. I had registered as a musician. With each bunch of new men, Sgt. Ludtke, the band leader, searched through the roll and transferred every musician into his unit. I soon discovered that a military band is no different than a carnival ballyhoo band. All one has to do is play. By then I could play an E-flat tuba for sure!

Army life wasn't all that difficult for us band members. Our toughest detail was thirty minutes of calisthenics each morning before breakfast. We had band rehearsals every day plus a certain amount of woodshedding (individual practice). We made several trips to Hot Springs and Pine Bluff. Little Rock erected a bandstand right out in the intersection of Fifth and Main. We played at least one concert a week there, plus different theaters and spots all over the Capitol City.

The band was favored by its uniforms. We were issued russett shoes, wrapped leggings, and a white stock collar, whereas the non-coms had marching shoes, canvas leggings, and the regular shirt collar. With this little difference, we were often taken for officers, especially when carrying our music satchel with its bright shiny leather strap across our shoulder. I was promoted to corporal soon after the band was organized, which meant I

was paid $8.00 a month more.

The very worst thing to happen was the 'flu epidemic. Half the band went down with it at one time, with about half of the sick in our base hospital. There was so much 'flu around that only the worst cases were hospitalized. The lighter cases were treated in the barracks. We lost one boy, our base drummer, from Iowa, named Bailey. So many died, so fast, it was hard to care for the dead. I saw one hearse with fifteen to twenty bodies in it. The bodies were wrapped in sheets and laid one on top of the other, until it was full. This hearse was on its way to the morgue in Little Rock where the dead would be boxed and shipped home. I was one of the lucky few who did not catch the 'flu.

In early October we got notice to stand by for orders to ship out to Norfolk, VA through the "chief" (our band director). We were to gather all our personal things for shipment home. This wasn't much trouble for me: I had accumulated only a bundle of old letters, plus a huge black tarantula preserved in a milk bottle with formaldehyde. We felt we were tabbed for overseas.

On November 4th our anxiety ended. Word came an armistice had been signed. The war was over!

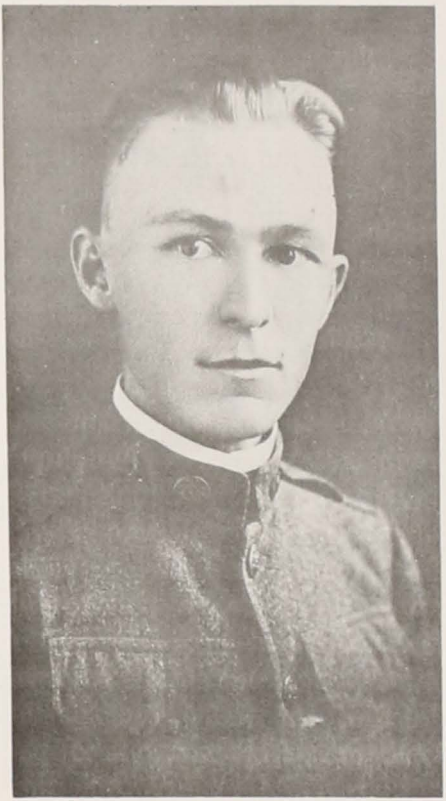
Well, this put a new look on everything! Some of the boys immediately began to talk about getting out and going home. However, we were still in the Army, so the first thing we had to do was show up in Little Rock for one big celebration and parade. We loaded our instruments into trucks and took off. Everybody was happy! All ayak-yaking at the same time. "It won't be long now!" "They can have their ol' Army!" "I'm going home!" Everything was just a big hullabaloo.

When we got to the end of the bridge entering Little Rock, we were met by an officer who informed us it was all a big mistake. There'd been no armistice--a false alarm! We turned back.

On November 11 we got the word again, "The war is over!" The news came through about 4:00 a.m. It was confirmed! The armistice really had been signed! We were off for Little Rock again, with not nearly as much enthusiasm as a week ago, for many were skeptical. When it proved out, we ballyhooed all day and into the night. Food and drinks were free. No one would take our money. Truly the end of the War to End All Wars!

The next day and those that followed were different. Yesterday we were in for the duration, subject and submissive to anything the army willed. But now with the war over, the men were ready to get out, to go home. There were thousands of reasons; in fact, every soldier had his own excuse for leaving as soon as possible. His personal desire to get out was more important than all the rest.

There was one exception! Me! I had no want. I had no home, no job waiting for me, no sick folks, nothing – absolutely nothing – to keep me from staying in. I almost did.



Bob Maddox in Army Band Uniform circa 1918

I somehow didn't think army life in peacetime would be very stimulating. It didn't seem to be what I yearned to do, so I didn't say anything one way or the other. I kind of secretly hoped they would keep us longer. If I re-enlisted, enlistment was for four years; I didn't want to sign up for that long. We were all discharged and all home for Christmas.

Back in Winslow I was the worst lost I have ever been in my entire life. At times, I felt I had no friends, but I was a hero along with all the boys returning from service. There were parties and special events for us. Everyone wanted to do something to show their appreciation, but, somehow, I felt I didn't belong, that I was an oddball or something. People, of course, wanted to know all about where we'd been, what we'd experienced, what battles we'd been in, et cetera. I had nothing to tell. Many fellows had long, exciting tales about their service, but I had been only to Camp Pike, Arkansas. They had been overseas. They had been in battles, had seen blood shed. I'd only been in camp, in the U. S., as far and as safe from war as anybody.

After the war, the people of Winslow became oil-minded. Different oil companies had leased just about every foot of land available. Each and every company promised to start drilling within a certain time frame. However, only one company ever drilled a hole

The Riverland Co. of Tulsa had quite a block of leases subleased to The Oil Issue Co. of Tulsa, which drilled a dry hole. Clarence Fortner, a small drilling contractor at Nowata, OK did the job. His drill rig and all the equipment was shipped in by rail, hauled by team and wagon to the location two miles south of town where it was set up. I got a job with them before the stuff was unloaded.

The crew consisted of Clarence and Ray Fortner, brothers, both drillers, a brother-in-law (I've forgotten his name), and me. The brother-in-law and I were the tool

dressers. It required, if I remember right, three teams and wagons, their drivers and several other workmen until all the stuff was unloaded, hauled to the site, and most of the setting-up done. Then the crew was reduced to two drilling crews. I worked primarily with Brother Ray. I was lucky to get on. It was a darned good job--the most fascinating work I had ever done. The pay was good: I got $8.00 per day to start. Shortly afterward it was raised to twelve.

Clarence Fortner was one of the finest men I have ever worked for, and his brother Ray was just a prince of a fellow.

Dressing tools on an oil rig is hard, dirty work, and oil drilling then made a twelve-hour day. Ray and I put in "the graveyard shift" from twelve midnight to twelve noon. I walked through the railroad tunnel at Winslow about 11:30 every night for those seven months we were drilling. After about six months we had a slight showing of oil. We had had a smell of gas at different depths earlier. When we reached 1,250 feet, they decided to shoot the hole with 120 quarts of nitroglycerin. It took a couple of days to get ready. The glycerin had to be brought from Tulsa, the well had to be cleaned out good, and the longest casing, the one deepest in the ground, had to be pulled. The shooting was one spectacular even in the Winslow community. A huge crowd witnessed it. Representatives from The Oil Issue Co. were there, plus several other oil company were there, plus several other oil company representatives, news reporters from surrounding areas, interested people from all over, and every living soul in or near Winslow.

They shot the well. It was a dry hole! The next day's shot was more spectacular. This second shot blew up the containers the glycerin arrived in. They were five-quart, lead-lined square cans. Each one was placed in a separate rubber holder built into the carrier's car. The driver was afraid to haul those empties back. The containers were piled in a heap around a big, old white oak. When touched

off, there was a boom that could be heard for miles. The three was torn into splinters, leaving a hole big enough to bury a team of horses. That well ended the oil search around Winslow. Still, there are old-timers who believe it was a fake shot--that there is oil in that hole!

About this time, good roads were coming into their own. People became highway-minded. Up to then, highways were gravel roads, few and widely separated. Automobiles were becoming practical. They brought on the desire and need for better roads. The first road over Mt. Gayler from Winslow to Fort Smith was built from contributions solicited by United Commercial Travelers (U.C.T.) In truth, it was not much more than a country haul road when completed. In a very few years a road district was formed, bonds were sold, and a more modern highway built. I have no idea who the road contractor was or how selected, but he used convict labor. Convicts from the state penitentiary were brought in and were under armed guards at all times. The prisoners did the grading, then they were moved out and a graveling gang moved into Winslow.

By then, I had completely recovered from an oil-rig accident and I needed a job. I was full-grown, had served in the army, held a man's job more than once, but I sure didn't look the part. So, when I asked the foreman for work, he kinda brushed me off. Said he had all the help he needed right now. When work of this type is being done, all the idle men in the community will be standing around gawking, offering suggestions, or criticizing—in undertones, of course. I was in that bunch.

On this particular day, they were unloading a steam shovel shipped in by railroad flatcar. They got it off the flatcar all right, but when they tried to tow it away by truck they couldn't make the tow chain hold. The chain had a broken hook and no one could make it hold. They'd fasten it, it would come loose, they'd rig it again and it snapped

loose. The guys would cuss and rant but the chain just would not cooperate. The foreman tried his luck, but the chain slipped loose and the shovel didn't budge. Then I popped off. Said I'd bet drinks for the crowd that I could fasten it to hold. Everybody laughed, but I knew I could do it. I told the foreman I'd fasten it so it would hold or break the chain. He muttered something about "a smart kid", but reluctantly consented although he added that the only solution was to send to Fayetteville for another chain.

The chain was a big one and hard to handle. I threw a clove hitch around the hook that was built into the shovel for that purpose, then drew it up as tight as I was able, tying the loose end up with a piece of bailing wire so it wouldn't wriggle loose before the hitch tightened. It held!

I have thought many times since how I got that job by simply tying a clove hitch. I began to drive a dump truck hauling gravel. The shovel was located in the creek near Slicker Park. There were seven or eight trucks bringing gravel for surfacing the road the prisoners had brought to grade.

The job started at the Crawford County line and worked north. Tillman Bell was the shovel operator. Firing that shovel was kinda like tying that chain. The fellow doing the firing just didn't know how to fire a steam boiler. He never got a head of steam. Trucks would stack up waiting for a load. On the third day I popped off again! I claimed if I was doing it and couldn't keep a head of steam, I'd quit! The foreman heard me sounding off. "Get up there and let's see what you can do!" I shook the grates, pulled a few big clinkers out, and closed the firebox door without putting in a single shovel of coal. Tillman reminded me that it took black diamonds to make steam. I didn't reply, just kinda grinned. The steam pressure started up. Tillman got in his seat, loaded two trucks and while he was waiting for the third to back into position, the steam popped off. When she started popping, I tossed in a few

shovels of coal and shut the door. Tillman said, "I didn't know this thing had a pop-off valve. This is the first time it's worked." When it came my time to load, I started for my truck, but the foreman stopped me. "You just stay with that boiler! Let Bill drive your truck, O. K.?" I grinned. "It's O. K. by me." I also got a raise. Tillman Bell was a fine guy to work with. We became good buddies.

It took about four months to finish the graveling, when they moved downstate. I promised to be there, when they were ready to operate, but I didn't go.

I still had a hankering to get into some kind of business for myself, when Uncle Fred Gregg's son came to town. Uncle Fred was an old Civil War veteran. I had known him since I was a kid and had a lot of respect for him. His son was named Ed and was a lot older than I (50-odd years). He'd been around considerably. He knew a lot about everything, but thought he knew a lot more than he actually did. I had to find that out later. He started with an enlarged picture venture. He'd been in business before, claimed he knew how to make a lot of easy money. He ordered samples from the E. H. Roberts Portrait Co. When our samples arrived, we lit out for the Arkansas River bottom country, and he picked Barling as headquarters. It so happened that the family the town was named for ran a boarding house. We stayed with them. We were on foot, had no other transportation, so walked everywhere. We canvassed the entire area for ten miles around, trudging from house to house, but only sold two or three orders. Enlarged pictures sure didn't make us any money.

The next spring Ed Gregg and I went in for confectioneries. We rented the south end of the E. A. Budd building, bought a secondhand soda fountain, put in tables and chairs, dishes and glasses, plus an opening stock of merchandise from Rogers Grocery Company. We did pretty well that summer. When winter came, we bought Jerry Davidson's Restaurant. It was located on the

opposite side of the railroad depot, just across the street from A. N. Cole's general store. We did all right, serving meals and short orders as well as confections.

We employed two women, one in the kitchen to help with cooking and, usually, a young girl as a waitress. In the early summer of 1922, as people began coming in for vacations, we needed a person up front and hired Mabel Nott, who had worked for Bee Chervney. I had dated her before this time, but that had nothing to do with her coming to work for us. Mabel and I were acquaintances, as the saying goes, forever. Her father had been sick for many months and had died a short time before. I had helped bury him with Masonic rites. Mabel was the sole support of her mother and small brother, except for a few dollars her mother made by sewing, washing and ironing. Mabel's work in town for three or four years had won the respect of everyone who knew her.

That was a long time before there was any such thing as public relief or government dole. If one was in straitened circumstances, it was that person's responsibility. People did assist one another, but a body was expected to help himself. Mabel accepted her circumstances as only a "true blue" individual would. She paid the balance on her father's doctor bills after she came with us.

I knew Mabel plus the life she'd lived. Also she knew I hadn't been jerked up by the hair of my head because I hadn't had anyone to administer that jerk. The only sure anchor had been a loving, caring aunt in my impressionable years. From my early teens I'd had to manage my own well-being, not only for food and shelter, but also for friends and associates, both young and old.

So I had emerged into manhood. I was the only fellow of those I'd grown with who owned his own business, the only one who owned his own car for which I had paid cash. I was the only one who, at the time, at joined a Masonic Lodge. I was terribly uneducated, horribly unpolished.

But I was in love as never before. As much as Mabel and I respected each other, we learned much more by working together. After the first few weeks she was at the restaurant, we both knew we were meant for each other.

But there was a sad note. Ed and I had a falling-out that ended our partnership. We agreed on a selling price, and I paid him in cash. My wife, Mabel, and I took mutual control and management, thus forming the partnership of BOB & MABEL which continues to this date.

Editor's Note:

Mabel Nott and R. L. Maddox were married in November 1926. Three years later Maddox was named postmaster of Winslow. In 1935, according to the Winslow American, a fire swept through Winslow and destroyed all of the office furnishings in the post office. Maddox was never reimbursed for this loss.

It was a year later that Maddox returned to the cafe business and opened Bob's Cafe on Highway 71, south of Winslow, and in 1942 that cafe on the mountain was closed and Maddox opened one on the south side of the square in Fayetteville. Nine years later the cafe was moved to 34 East Center Street, and in 1959 Maddox closed it for good.

Maddox didn't mention it, but he served as president of the Winslow School Board when the present school building was erected.

Footnote:

The autobiography of Robert Edward Lee Maddox is a record of my father's life during the first quarter of the twentieth century. For historians this record will perhaps provide a different insight into the time period. For his family, my father's memories are a story of circumstances, making the best of circumstances, and enjoying life in spite of circumstances.

Most people have listened as their parents told stories of their childhood and of events long gone. My brother and I are especially fortunate because our father typed his memories and presented them to us in book form.

Robert Edward Lee Maddox

Born February 25, 1894 - in that portion of Oklahoma called the "Cherokee Strip".

Died March 13, 1986 - from injuries sustained when he was struck by a car while walking near Washington School in Fayetteville, AR.

Aged 92 years and 16 days.

- Mary Anne Maddox Roscopf, daughter.

Announcing the Opening of

New Business Under

GET IT AT Bob's CONFECTIONERY R. L. MADDOX

The OLD Name

FULBRIGHT'S ICE CREAM

For Saturday and Sunday Opening -- Double Decker Cones

Sundaes, 10c; Pint, 15c; Quart, 30c

Home Made Pies Lunches

Drive out and vsiit us.

One of the Ads Proudly Announcing Bob's New Ownership

Bob and Mabel in Front of Cafe Newly Opened in 1942 on Southside of Fayetteville Square

Thomas C. Brewer, 2785 South 136th E. Place, Tulsa, OK 74134 - Who are the parents of Albert L. SHEPARD of Springdale, AR? He was born March 9, 1872 and died July 6, 1916. He is buried in the Molly Field Cemetery, north of Tahlequah, OK. He was the first husband of my grandmother, Emily Harris of Johnson, AR, and they were married December 20, 1905 in Washington County, AR. They had one son, Harry W. Shepard, born December 8, 1908 and died July 9, 1912. They are buried beside Albert L. in Molly Field Cemetery. Did Albert have brothers and sisters?

Nancy Maxwell, 10299 Alder Court, Rancho Cucamonga, CA 91730 - I have a copy of a Civil War claim submitted by Andrew P. CRAWFORD of Washington County, AR to the Southern Claims Commission in 1873. Testimony was given by A. P. Crawford, Margaret Crawford, John Crawford, and William Mayes. If anyone would like this document they can contact me.

Alice Holt, 512 West El Paso, Broken Arrow, OK 74012 - (1) Searching for descendants of Henry GOLLAHER, b. 1814 OH, d 1878 Washington County, AR. First wife Sarah ?, children: Mary b. 1837 IN mar. Joseph Dunlap; Thomas b. 1840 IL; John b. 1843 IL, mar. Emmie ?; Samuel b. 1844 IL mar. Jennie ?; Joel b. 1847 IL mar. Julia Weeks. Second wife Eliza Jane Dunlop b. 1837, d. 8 Aug 1915 Washington County, AR, children: Lafayette b. 1856 Greenland, AR, mar. Fannie Wilson; Amanda b. 1860 Greenland, AR, mar. Thomas A. Brinson; Wesley b. 1861; Rena b. 1867 AR mar. W. A. McGuire; Lena b. 1867 AR,

mar Samuel Miller; Henry or Henrietta ? b. 1878, mar. Fred Burgin?; Clinton b. 1857 AR. (2) Searching for descendants of Gabel W. DUNLAP, b. 1814, NC, and wife Matilda, b. 1814 AL. Children: Joseph, b. 1834 AL, mar. Mary Gollaher; Mariah, b. 1836, AL; Mary, b. 1838 MS, mar. Maloy ?; Nancy, b. 1842 MO, mar. Mitchell ?; Seaborn, b. 1845 AR; Elizabeth, b. 1844 AR; Eli, b. 1850 AR; John, b. 1852 AR. Gabel's sister Francis lived with family in 1860 census.

(3) Searching for descendants of Joseph DUNLAP and wife Mary (Gollaher) DUNLAP. Children: John Henry, b. 1860 AR, mar. Allie Langham; Benjamin or Dock, b. 1864 or 1866 AR, mar. Hettie ?; Sarah F., b. 1867 AR, mar. W. C. Davis; Louana, b. 1l870 AR, mar. William Moore; Moses D., b. 1872 AR, mar. Maude Langham; Robert Daniel, b. 1875 AR, mar. Anna K. Pennel; Maggie, b. 1877 AR, mar. James Edward Bybee; George W., b. ? AR; Julia C., b. ? AR, mar. Thomas Keller; William, b. 1857 AR. Any help is appreciated on all the above.

Vickie Rounsavall, 1949 Juneway Terrace, Fayetteville, AR 72703 is seeking information about Robert Graham RUTHERFORD, son of Bayless Earl and Mary Curtis Rutherford. Robert was born 14 June 1867 in Washington County. He first married Fannie Holcomb 29 August 1888 and secondly, Serena Ann Carter. Robert G. Rutherford was a deputy United States Marshall under Judge Isaac Parker between 1890-1899. Of particular interest would be the date and place of his death.

Mamie E. Parker, 1412 S. W. 54th Street, Oklahoma City, OK 73119 - Need a "copied" photo of my great-grandfather. He was Jacob B. COX (1793-1870). Headstone at Rieff Chapel cemetery, five miles southwest of Fayetteville. Lived in Rieff Chapel cemetery on Old Wire Road about one mile west of cemetery for decades. Wife was Elizabeth Webb (1807-1883).

WEST FORK MURDER-SUICIDE – 1926

by Robert G. Winn

Nobody could have imagined on that brilliant May 1, 1926 morning that before the sun rose again over Bloyed mountain, that the small village of West Fork, Arkansas, would be rocked to its foundations by the most shocking tragedy ever experienced in its peaceful valley.

To a casual outsider and to most residents of the town, this was a typical Saturday morning; within the troubled, confused state of one forty-six-year-old housewife, turmoil raced through her demented mind. Some months previously, her confusion had reached such proportions that she was sent to what was then called the insane asylum in Little Rock. There, treatment of what is now recognized as mental illness, amounted to little more than confinement. Recently she had been released from that institution. Villagers realized that their neighbor had suffered a mental breakdown, but nobody could imagine that her condition would reach such a depth as criminal insanity.

Later information, pieced together by conferring citizens, revealed that her demented soul probably was enduring the agonies of hell on that bright May day. Saturday afternoon she accompanied another member of the family to Fayetteville where she bought a paring knife. Her companion thought little of the purchase at the time. A young man reported later that about dusk he and companions stopped to invite this woman, who was walking beside the road, to accompany them to a dance. Her excuse for not accepting the invitation was that she had such a busy evening ahead of her that she did not have time for a social evening. The coroner reported that when he examined the dead woman after the tragedy, her arms and legs were scratched and her body bruised as though

she had wandered extensively over rough terrain and through many brambles.

When the woman's twenty-two-year-old son returned from the dance at 2:00 a.m. Sunday morning, he entered quietly in order not to disturb his mother and grandmother supposedly asleep in upstairs bedrooms. Suddenly at the foot of the stairs, he was attacked by severe hammer blows to his head. Warding off his attacker, he rushed across the street to the home of a neighbor, Mr. Ed Sample, who returned with the youth to his home. Cautiously they opened the door and struck a light. Expecting to be confronted by a murderous madman, they were horrified to see the mother lying in a pool of her own blood at the foot of the stairs. In her hand she clutched the paring knife used to stab herself. It was the knife her son had seen her purchase the preceding afternoon. Close by lay the bloodstained hammer used to attack her son.

No sound came from the upstairs bedroom of the grandmother. When the men rushed upstairs they found the door to the older woman's room ajar. A sweep of the light into the room revealed a scene even more horrible than that at the bottom of the stairs. No evidence of a struggle was visible, leading to the conclusion that the first blow of the hammer that had beaten the older woman's head into a pulp had been the fatal stroke. The victim had not known what struck her.

The bloodiest part of this tragedy ended with the discovery of the two bodies, but the trauma continued, when a phone call to the 78-year-old brother of the older woman told the man of the murder of his sister and suicide of his niece, and caused the man to drop dead of a heart attack in Shawnee, OK.

The front page of the Fayetteville Daily Democrat, May3, 1926, carried the following account:

WEST FORK WOMAN KILLS MOTHER,

TRIES TO KILL SON, SUICIDES, UNCLE DROPS DEAD

"Three are dead and one is seriously injured following the murderous rampage of Mrs. Bertie Flood, an insane woman 46 years of age at West Fork at two o'clock Sunday morning.

"Mrs. Flood, who had been a patient at the Little Rock asylum but who had recently returned home, killed her mother, Mrs. Fannie Brown, aged 76 years, with whom she lived, by beating the head of the latter to a pulp as the older woman lay asleep in bed. She then attempted to kill her son, Jewett Flood, 22 years old, by beating his head with the hammer. The young man succeeded in escaping from the maniac and ran to a neighbor's for help. Upon the neighbor's arrival, Mrs. Flood lay in a pool of her own blood, having committed suicide by stabbing herself in the heart with a paring knife. Billie McKnight, 78 years of age, a brother of Mrs. Brown, of Shawnee, OK, dropped dead at 3 o'clock Sunday morning when notified by telephone of his sister's murder and his niece's suicide.

"Young Flood, it is believed, sustained only head wounds and will recover."

HUSBAND - FRISCO EMPLOYEE

"Martin Flood, bridge foreman on the Frisco railroad, and husband of the insane woman, was in Soper, OK, near Hugo, when the tragedy occurred and returned Sunday night to find his wife and her mother dead, his son unconscious from an opiate and a message announcing the sudden death of his wife's uncle from shock.

DOUBLE FUNERAL PROBABLY THURSDAY

"Other surviving relatives are Mrs. Jim Carter and H. T. McKnight, both of West Fork, sister and brother of the murdered woman, and another sister, Mrs. Ollie Carter of Tulsa; and two sisters and two brothers of Mrs. Flood, Mrs. George A. Curtis and Mrs. Ed Thomas, both of Fort Smith, Earl Brown of Burke, Idaho, and Ed Brown of

Bedford, Oregon, all of whom are expected for the double funeral at West Fork which is planned to be held Thursday.

"Mrs. Ollie Carter will attend the funeral of her brother Billie McKnight at Shawnee, and from that point come to attend the funeral of her sister and niece."

Near the center of the "old part" of Baptist Ford Cemetery near Greenland, directly south of the church building, stands an impressive black marble double headstone bearing two simple inscriptions:

FANNY McKNIGHT BROWN
WIFE OF W. H. BROWN
1850-1926

BERTIE BROWN
WIFE OF M. FLOOD
1880-1926

Note of Appreciation and Thanks

Our special thanks to Mrs. Sylvia Day for the loan of the complete abstract of the property where the tragedy occurred. From this document we obtained much valuable information. And to Mrs. Rebecca Dameron Williams, who remembered the exact date of the event, thus enabling Ms. Andrea Cantrell of the Special Collections Department of the University of Arkansas Library easily to locate the microfilm of the Fayetteville Daily Democrat, providing additional accuracy of the account.

BOB'S CAFE

IT'S ON THE SQUARE

THE TANDY K. KIDD HOME AND MILL

by Forrest Poorman

Continued interest and research into the life of my great-grandfather, Tandy K. Kidd, has revealed new information concerning the location of his home and mill and the home he built for his daughter and her husband (*FLASHBACK*, 39 (4), Nov., 1989). I have corresponded with Mr. Lacy McColloch who, as a boy, lived in a house remodeled by B. L. Wade in 1880. This house was located on the site of the original two-story log home of Tandy Kidd. Lacy's father bought the property and lived there from 1910 until his death in 1950. The house was vandalized while unoccupied and was torn down by the new owner.

The Kidd house was on a low hill on the east side of the Jordan Creek and faced west. The mill was located on the east bank of the creek some 300-400 feet below the house. The Thomas A. Reynolds house, built for Tandy's daughter and her husband, was on a low hill on the west bank beyond the mill.

When the Kidd family arrived in northwest Arkansas, probably in 1842, they settled in Mountain Township. Tandy and Hiram Brodie bought 18 1/4 acres of NW 1/4 of NE 1/4 of Sec. 17, Canehill Township from Jesse Mayfield. This contained the Truesdell Mill. Hiram Brodie sold his share to Tandy 16 October 1847. Undoubtedly the Kidd family moved to this new location and lived in the Cane Hill area for many years.

John Truesdell and his wife, Elizabeth Harrington, were true pioneers of the area. Richardson, in her *EARLY SETTLERS OF CANE HILL*, reported that Truesdell owned the first steam mill in northwest Arkansas. He was also a postmaster, merchant and farmer. He was a kind, generous and trusting individual. One of his descendants, in *FLASHBACK* (18 (2), 1968) discussed the correct

spelling of his name as *TRUESDELL* rather than *TRUESDALE*, as reported by Richardson and Goodspeed. It was John's generous and trusting nature that contributed to the many family losses, for often his friends and neighbors took advantage and failed to repay their loans and debts.

On 10 March 1836, John Truesdell bought the NE 1/4 of Sec. 17, T14N, R32W from Mark Williams. This included the site of a small water mill built about 1830 by Thomas Garvin. However, to satisfy mortgage commitments, Truesdell sold 18 1/4 acres of this quarter section to Jesse Mayfield. This included the Truesdell mill. It was from Mr. Mayfield that Tandy obtained the Truesdell mill.

An interesting sketch about the Moore-Buchanan mill appears in *FLASHBACK* (26 [2], 1976). Tandy Kidd died intestate in 1862. In settling his estate, W. S. Moore, John R. Pyeatte and son H. C. Pyeatte bought the acreage containing the mill site. In 1866, Mr. Moore and Mr. Pyeatte owned and operated a mill about one mile north of Canehill. In 1886, Mr. Pyeatte willed his share to Mr. Moore, who then became partners with his son-in-law, Walter Buchanan. It was then known as the Moore-Buchanan mill. This was torn down in 1907 and moved south to the approximate spot where the Truesdell-Kidd mill had been located.

When the Moore-Buchanan mill was eventually torn down, the Canehill Restoration Association bought the old mill wheel and seven acres of land along Jordan Creek. The large water wheel is mounted in a park about one-half mile south of Canehill on Arkansas 45.

EDITOR'S NOTE

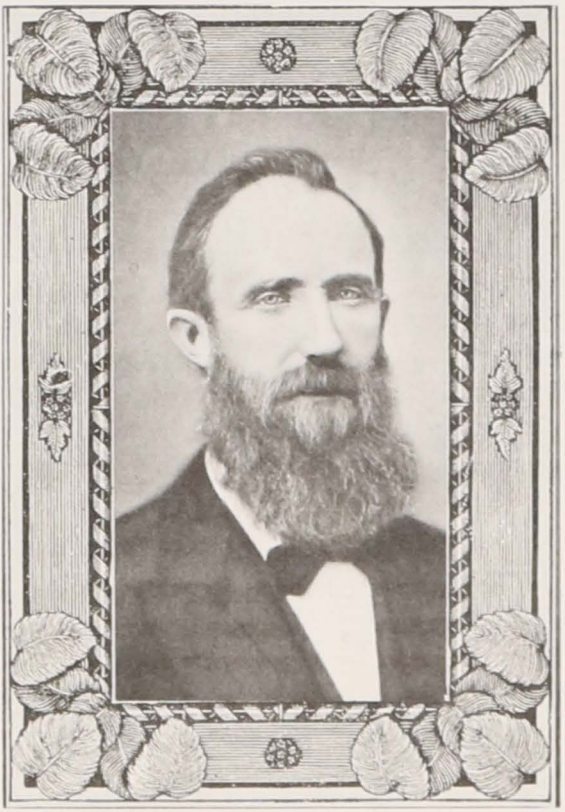
A local newspaper story indicates there is a Cane Hill Restoration Association actively rebuilding the Moore-Buchanan Mill on the site of the Tandy Kidd Mill. See maps and photos on following pages.

Tandy Kidd Mill site snapped in 1970's

Jordan Creek

TANDY KIDD H
Cane Hill, Arkans
Reynold's Home

IE AND MILL
s, 1847 - 1862
Foreground



Lt. Col. Lewis R. Jewel, 6th Kansas Cavalry mortally wounded at Cane Hill, died November 30, 1862.
Photo from the Kansas State Historical Society, Topeka, KS

THE BATTLE OF CANE HILL

by Allan Maul

The Cane Hill region was the setting of a stubbornly contested twelve mile running fight between Union and Confederate forces on the 28th of November, 1862.

General James Blunt, commanding the 1st Division of the Army of the Frontier, had a force of 5000 infantry, cavalry, and artillery encamped on Flint Creek. On the 26th he learned that General John Marmaduke with his division of Confederate cavalry, 2000 strong, was

thirty-five miles south at Cane Hill. If General Thomas Hindman with the main Confederate army at Van Buren were allowed to join Marmaduke it would put Blunt in a defensive position. To retreat would place Springfield, Missouri and Fort Scott, Kansas with their large depots of supplies in jeopardy, and would also demoralize his troops. Blunt decided to take the offensive against Marmaduke's cavalry and drive them into the Boston Mountains. If successful, he would attempt to hold the entire Confederate army there until reinforcements arrived from Springfield.

On the morning of the 27th, Blunt's division left camp with three days rations of hard bread and salt in their haversacks and eighty rounds of ammunition. The wagon train was left behind with a sufficient guard, and by nightfall the column had marched within ten miles of the Confederate camp. Early the next morning Union forces advanced on Cane Hill with three companies of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry and Rabb's 2nd Indiana Battery leading the way, the 11th Kansas Infantry following. The pace was very tiring and many of the infantrymen fell out of the ranks from exhaustion. The 2nd Kansas Cavalry and Rabb's Battery continued on, putting four miles between them and the rest of the column.

Colonel Joseph Shelby was in command of the Confederate cavalry brigade that occupied the hills around Cane Hill College at Boonsboro (present day Cane Hill). He had two 6-pound cannons and positioned each one to cover the roads that entered Boonsboro from the north. Shelby placed the first one on the Cincinnati road to the northwest, from which direction he expected Blunt to approach. The other gun was placed on Cemetery Hill, covering the Fayetteville road directly to the north.

Hoping to surprise the Confederates, Blunt bypassed the Cincinnati road and approached Boonsboro on the Fayetteville road. A half mile from town the lead

elements of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry captured three pickets and killed another. A short time later they encountered a number of Shelby's cavalry drawn up in the lane leading into town. The 2nd Kansas Cavalry opened fire with two small howitzers and quickly dispersed them. Pressing on several hundred yards, a bluff on the west quickly terminated, bringing them in full view of the rebel line. The Confederate cannon covering the Fayetteville road opened fire and the fight was on. It was an unsettling sight as the artillerymen handled their gun amidst the tombstones of the Cane Hill Cemetery.

Blunt brought up Rabb's battery of six guns which went into position on the west side of the road, joining the two howitzers already in action. A Union soldier described a tragic moment during the duel, "The Rebels had a small rifled cannon of about two inch caliber, which shot a lead projectile about the size and shape of an old-fashioned clock weight. The gunner who was handling this piece got the range of Rabb's battery, and while the drivers were dismounted, standing beside their teams, sent a ball which hit one of the drivers and passed on through both his horses, instantly killing all three."

Receiving intelligence that no Union troops were coming down the Cincinnati road, Shelby moved his other cannon to the high hill directly west of the Union artillery and opened a cross fire. Major Julius Fisk, commanding the supporting companies of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry, had a close call when a shell fragment ripped through the top of his hat crown and wounded him. Dazed for a few minutes, he recovered well enough to remain in command for the next hour until sent to the surgeon for medical treatment.

The 11th Kansas Infantry had halted to rest and allow those who had fallen out time to catch up. When they heard the cannons firing the regiment quickly reorganized and took off at a double quick. The remaining companies of the 2nd Kansas Cavalry bypassed the infantry at a

gallop, realizing the danger their outnumbered comrades might be in. Had the Confederates known the disparity of forces at the start of the fight they probably could have captured Rabb's battery and the howitzers with a determined charge. Shelby believed that the artillery was supported by a much larger force, so his men maintained their defensive position on the hills overlooking Boonsboro. For the next hour the artillery duel continued, with each side occasionally punishing the other.

During this time Blunt had been reconnoitering the Confederate left and found an approach by which he could bring a force upon their flank. An aide was sent to bring up six companies of the 11th Kansas along with Hopkins' battery. The movement of these troops was noticed by Shelby and shortly afterward General Marmaduke gave the order to retreat. The Confederate cavalry was poorly equipped with shotguns and other antiquated weapons and was in no position to engage the Union infantry in an open field fight. From left to right, Shelby's three regiments mounted their horses and began a quick but orderly retreat through the town of Boonsboro.

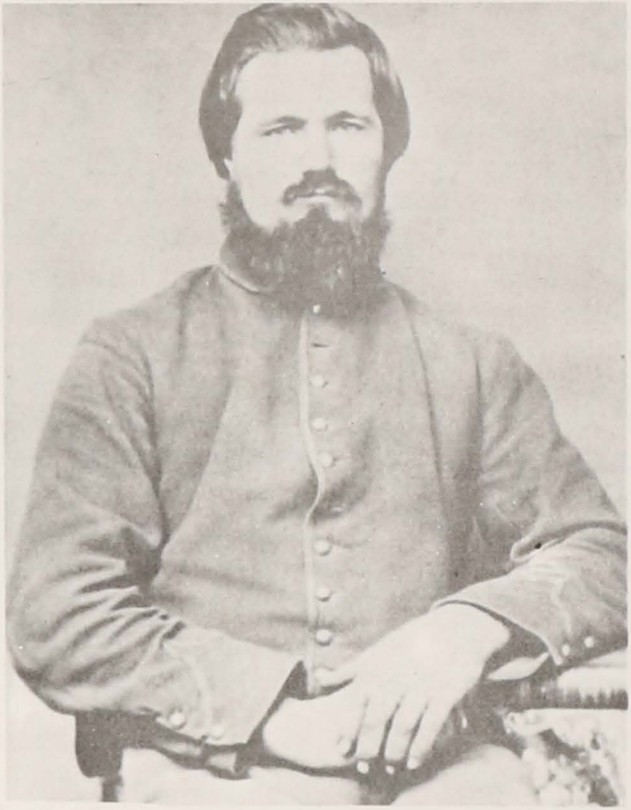
A half mile south in the vicinity of Kidd's Mill, the cavalry brigades of Colonel Emmet MacDonald and Colonel Charles Carroll were drawn up in line to protect Shelby's retreat. A small two- gun battery belonging to Carroll's brigade was placed on a small hill near the Fayetteville road. Hopkins' battery soon occupied the position vacated by Shelby's brigade, unlimbered its guns, and opened fire on Carroll's two cannons. Realizing their light artillery was no match against the superior cannons of the Federals, the Confederates retired. While taking away one of their pieces, the carriage was so badly broken that it couldn't be moved, so the cannon was disassembled and carried away on the horses.

Marmaduke's division fell back to the hills just south of Newburg (present day Clyde), with the Federals pursuing

James May, Company I, 11th Kansas Infantry
Wounded at Cane Hill, November 28, 1862

through the woods, fields, and road. For a while it looked like a major confrontation would take place here since the position was a strong defensive one. Union troops formed in line of battle and Blunt fired on the Confederates with his artillery. The majority of Blunt's division was on the field by this time, and the numbers to the Confederate eye must have seemed overwhelming. Convinced that his cavalry and light guns could not cope with Blunt's force, Marmaduke, one again, gave the order to fall back.

The Confederates retreated three miles southeast toward the Boston Mountains until reaching a high hill. Shelby placed one of his cannons on a mound near the



William Griffiths, Company I, 11th Kansas Infantry
Wounded at Cane Hill, November 28, 1862

base of his hill in an attempt to check the Union advance. Rabb's battery and the howitzers took position in a cornfield and immediately opened fire. The duel continued until the Confederates exhausted their supply of ammunition when the guns were withdrawn to the rear. Determined to make a stand, Shelby and MacDonald dismounted their men and took position along the side and top of the hill. The last serviceable gun from Carroll's brigade was placed in position near the summit covering the road below. Blunt ordered the 2nd Kansas Cavalry and 1st Indian Regiment forward against the Confederate position. Sharp skirmishing broke out, but this time the

defenders held their ground. The Union troops tried to force their way up the hill but met with stubborn resistance. A well placed shell struck the Confederate cannon, shattering the carriage. Once again, the men dismantled the cannon and the pieces were carried away on horseback. The 11th Kansas Infantry was ordered to the front as the Confederates were slowly driven off the hill, and the pursuit continued. Four of Blunt's howitzers advanced along the road, while the 1st Indian and 11th Kansas moved forward in line of battle, its width varying from a quarter to half mile, depending on the terrain. They advanced through the woods and ravines, firing rapidly but mostly at random. The Confederates fought a delaying action by forming several lines of battle. When the first line fired it would retire past the other lines, reload and form another line. In this manner they always maintained a front against the Federals. Shelby had several horses shot out from under him during this time, and one of his captains was killed right next to him.

Captain Edmund Ross, of the 11th Kansas Infantry, described several close calls in a letter to his wife, "...there have been many hairbreadth escapes. One man had a button shot off his coat. Another was struck in the breast by a spent ball. Dan Horne who is Sergeant Major of the Regiment was struck in the forehead by a spent ball. A cannon ball struck a tree right over my head and a passing ball scorched my face."

The Union regiments that had been fighting all day were exhausted, and the 6th Kansas Cavalry came forward to take their place. Toward late afternoon, the junction of the Cane Hill and Cove Creek roads was reached, and from there the battle continued southward. The Cove Creek valley was rugged and narrow, prohibiting the use of a large force. This worked to the Confederates' advantage, and two miles below the junction a formidable location was found to set up an ambush. At this point the valley

converged into a defile with Cove Creek and a high hill to the east, and a steep rocky bluff to the west. Colonel Carroll ordered several hundred men to dismount and take position behind the rocks on the bluff, while others crossed the ice cold creek taking position in the thick underbrush. Beyond the defile, the valley opened up to a width of perhaps one hundred yards. In this clearing a small force of cavalry lined up as a decoy to attract the Union cavalry's attention.

After entering the Cove Creek valley, Blunt realized how impractical it was to advance a large force through the area. He called for volunteers from the 6th Kansas Cavalry, and three companies were quickly chosen. Under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Lewis R. Jewell, the companies pressed forward, driving the Confederate rearguard before them. A few unfortunate Confederates riding tired horses were overtaken and captured, while others received saber cuts while making their escape. One Confederate who had his ear cut, joked to his comrades, "The enemy thought me a wild shoat and was trying to mark me."

Shelby, commanding the rearguard, resisted as well as he could, and upon reaching the defile quickly retired his force through it and joined the cavalry that was waiting in the clearing beyond. Not realizing the imminent danger they were in, the Union cavalry charged toward the narrow gorge. Quietly concealed along the creek and bluff, the Confederates awaited their approach, being careful not to fire too soon. The next few moments are described by Lieutenant Albert Campbell of the 6th Kansas Cavalry: "He (Colonel Jewell) kept turning around and hollering, 'Forward!' to bring the men up. As I came up he said, 'That's right, Lieutenant.' As I saw two men coming up, one climbing up to get behind the other to get away, I thought I could get them, so I spurred my horse very fast, and I got pretty near getting them. And then, just as I got where I thought I could do something, they turned 'round

the corner of the fence, and I saw a whole line, a whole regiment or more, drawn right beyond this--and I had gone by these men I believe. I turned, you know, to get back away as quick as I could, and my horse hadn't made more than one jump before the volley came. Of course she went right down. I didn't breathe anything but splinters and dust for more than a minute I think... Jewell's horse ran right up and fell within five feet of me, fell right in the water of Cove Creek, riderless. He had been shot off with the same volley that got me."

Colonel Jewell had been shot in the chest, and most of the other men in the immediate charging force were either killed or wounded. Confusion and terror reigned in the defile as those who were lucky enough to survive the ambush struggled to get away. Many Confederates continued to reload and fire, while those who were mounted charged across the open field. One soldier participating in the ambush stated, "...the valley gorged like sheep passing a narrow gate." Lieutenant Campbell had no time to get away and was taken prisoner. Many were surprised that anyone could have survived such a terrible volley, but a few managed to escape.

Riding upon the scene, Shelby noticed Jewell lying in the road and immediately dismounted, and with assistance removed the mortally wounded officer to the corner of a fence. Noticing the seriousness of the wound, Shelby asked, "Colonel, is there anything I can do for you?" Without showing any anxiety, Jewell raised himself on his elbow and said, "Yes, General, you can get me a cup of water." A canteen was found and Shelby asked again, "Colonel, isn't there something else I can do for you?" Jewell replied, "Oh, no, no, no. All you can do for me I guess, is to send one of your aides to General Blunt and tell him that I am disabled."

For a short time the Union artillery shelled the Confederate position without any serious effect. The

battle had come to an end. A truce was arranged and as night fell, the dead and wounded were removed from the field. Many of Blunt's exhausted men lay down in the November cold and went to sleep without supper or blankets.

Blunt reported his losses as four killed and thirty-six wounded, four of them mortally. It is known that at least nine Union soldiers died as a result of the engagement. Colonel Jewell passed away two days later, on November 30th. No mention is made of missing soldiers, but Lieutenant Campbell was definitely captured and others may have been, too. No official report by General Marmaduke is known to exist. The combined losses of MacDonald's and Carroll's brigades was reported as five killed, twenty-eight wounded, and six missing. Colonel Shelby, whose brigade bore the brunt of the fight, does not state his losses.

The next morning Marmaduke's cavalry division fell back to Dripping Springs to await further orders from General Hindman. Blunt returned to Boonsboro and consolidated his division on the hills of the surrounding country. He had succeeded in driving the Confederate cavalry from Cane Hill and now awaited their next move. A little more than a week later, December 7th, 1862, Blunt, with reinforcements under General Francis Herron, met the forces of Hindman and Marmaduke in the fiercely contested battle of Prairie Grove.

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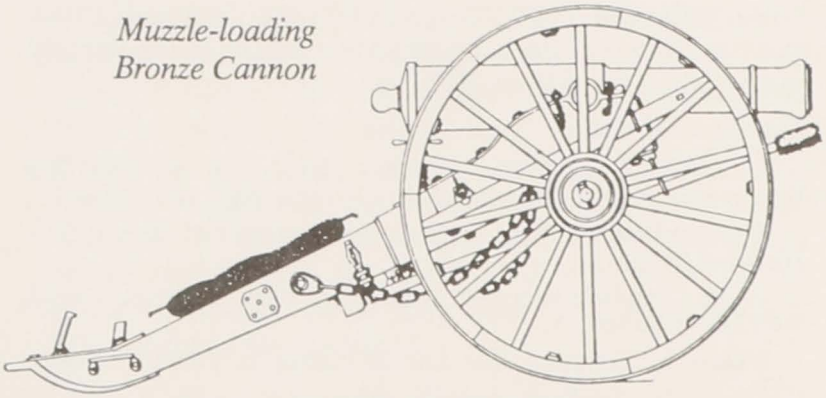
Muzzle-loading Bronze Cannon



12 pounder "Napolean"

AHNENTAFEL CHARTS

On our charts, the submitter is No. 1. Double the number to find the father, No. 2. Add one to the father's number and this will be the mother, No. 3. Continue to do this for each generation.

FLASHBACK is continuing the publication of "Ahnentafel" charts. It is hoped that each additional feature will prompt enthusiasts to recruit new members into the Society.

Submitted by Harry Carthel Stearns, 942 Barsby Street, Vista, CA 92084

1 Harry Carthel STEARNS b.29 Nov 1919 in Ponca City, OK, m. 1 Sept 1948 to LaVora Corlette BROSHAR b. 3 June 1923 in Cheyenne, WY

2. Harry Leroy STEARNS b. 7 Sept 1893 d. 6 Dec 1934 m. 25 Dec 1916.
3. Ida Lee NEAL b. 13 Nov 1897 d 5 Jan 1989.
4. Alvin Leroy STEARNS b. 11 Jan 1862, m. 5 Dec 1886, d. 9 Aug 1896.
5. Adelle Lucene WARE b. 29 Feb 1868, d. 3 July 1954, buried in Evergreen Cemetery, Fayetteville, Washington Co., AR.
6. William Thomas NEAL b. 22 Sept 1852, m. 25 Oct 1882, d. 26 Nov 1933.
7. Martha Annie ROGERS b 25 July 1861, d. 14 May 1925.
8. Warren STEARNS m. 13 Sept 1848.
9. Susan C. COPP b. 13 Feb 1831, d. 13 Sept 1848.
10. Walter Macon WARE b. 19 Oct 1835, m. 16 Dec 1861.
11. Louisa Elizabeth FRENCH b. 5 Dec 1840.
12. William Thomas NEAL b. Feb 1822, m. 19 Nov 1846, d. 1 April 1864.

13. Lucy J. TINNIN b. 12 Aug 1828.
14. Edward ROGERS.
15. Julia.

Submitted by Bernice Karnes (now deceased) on 29 Aug 1961:

1. Garland BLOYED b. 8 Oct 1880, m. 16 Dec 1903 to Daphna Isabel b. 1 Nov 1886.
2. Henry BLOYED b 5 Apr 1860, d. 5 Apr 1888in West Fork, Washington County, AR.
3. Antonia GILBREATH b 2 Sept 1855 in AR, d. 14 Feb 1888 in West Fork, AR.
4. Peter BLOYED b. 8 Mar 1809, d. 13 Feb 1885 in West Fork, AR.
5. Sarah ----- b. 1821, d. 5 Mar 1883 in West Fork, AR.
6. Cyrus Granger GILBREATH b. 16 May 1808 in Buncomb Co., NC, d. 10 Oct 1880, m. 1) Sarah CRAIG, 2) Cynthia WOLFE BLOYED.
7. Cynthia WOLFE BLOYED b. 26 Dec 1810, d. 5 Jan 1875 (widow of William BLOYED).
8. Eli BLOYED b. 25 Apr 1786 in MD, d. 22 Apr 1878 in West Fork, AR.
9. Mary GRAHAM b. 5 Dec 1788, d. 16 Oct 1861 in West Fork, AR.
14. Wm. WOLFE, buried in Bluff Cemetery, Washington Co., AR.
15. Marget, buried in Bluff Cemetery, Washington Co., AR.
16. John BLOYED.
18. Peter GRAHAM, d. 1828 in West Fork, AR.
19. Nancy, d. 1841 in Marion Co., AR.

Submitted by Robert Yandell, 116 Carolyn Street, Nacogdoches, TX:

1. Robert Ivan YANDELL b. 26 Dec 1909 in Logan Co., AR (Booneville), m. 1) Alpha Mae WHITE, 2) 20 Oct 1952 to Evelyn STRIPLING.
2. Thomas Calvin YANDELL b. 4 Apr 1881, m. 27July 1905, d. 26 Apr 1911 in Logan Co., AR, buried in Old Lick Creek Cemetery.
3. Eula Ann MORTON b. 21 Nov 1881 in Logan Co., AR, d. 3 Mar 1965 in Logan Co., AR buried Hillcrest Cemetery, Wax., Ellis County, TX.
4. Andrew Jackson YANDELL b. 29 Oct 1847 in MO, m. 12 Mar 1874, d. 11 Apr 1901 in Scott Co., AR, buried Mt. Pleasant Cemetery.
5. Sarah Jane FULTON b. ca 1885, buried Co. Line Cemetery, Logan Co., AR.
6. Benjamin Jesse MORTON b. 14 Oct 1849 in TN, m. 11 Jan 1871, d. 26 Nov. 1984 Logan Co., AR, buried in Old Lick Creek Cemetery.
7. Mary Elizabeth THOMAS b. 4 Mar 1854 in AR, d. 6 Nov 1926 in Logan Co., AR.
8. Samuel YANDELL b. 1819 in TN, m. 8 Feb 1847 in Greene Co., MO, d. 1870-89 in Scott Co., AR.
9. Sarah Elizabeth BERNARD, b. 6 Apr 1926 Roane Co., TN, d. ca 1895 probably Scott Co., AR.
10. ----- FULTON.
12. William Henry MORTON.
13. Elizabeth JAMES.
14. A. J. THOMAS, b. 18 Sept 1825, m. 7 July 1850.
15. Mary Jane CRUTHERS b. 18 Apr 1830 in IL ?m d, AR ?.

Submitted by Wayne and Carolyn Brown, 222 South Vann Street, Pryor, OK 74361:

1. Carolyn Ann DAVIS b. 7 Aug 1939 OK City, OK, m. 1 Feb 1959 to Wayne Thomas BROWN b. 7 Dec 1937 in Pryor, OK.
2. Carl Linden DAVIS b. 18 Jun 1910 in Francis, OK, m. 3 Jun 1932, d. Yukon, OK.
3. Billye Irene WAGNER b. 24 June 1914 in Castle OK.
4. Roy Hugh DAVIS b. 11 May 1883 in Lincoln, Washington Co., AR, m. 5 Nov 1904, d. 5 Dec 1974 in Brentwood, CA.
5. Corrine THORNBURG b. 30 Sept 1879 in Montague Co., TX, d. 17 Oct 1918 in Stuart, OK.
6. John Emory WAGNER b. 2 Sept 1890 in Mountainburg, AR, m. 14 Aug 1913, d. 30 Jan 1936 in OK City, OK.
7. Arrie Elizabeth GENTRY b. 10 Apr 1896 in Rudy, Crawford Co., AR, d. 10 Jan 1950 in Monahans, TX.
8. Alexander Blair DAVIS b. 13 May 1856 in Little Mackinaw, Tazewell Co., IL, m. 11 Aug 18l78, d. 7 Feb 1895 in Indian Territory.
9. Emmaline YEAGER b. 10 Nov 1859 in Lincoln, Washington Co., AR, d. 6 Mar 1940 in Brentwood, CA.
10. Geo. W. THORNBURG b. Aug 1846 in IL, d. 1906 in Wagoner Co, IT.
11. Jennetta WALLER b. Mar 1855 in IL, d. 1906 in Wagoner Co., IT.
12. Henry Madison WAGNER b. 14 Jan 1867 in AR, m. 19 Sept 1886, d. 28 Oct 1917 in Castle, OK.
13. Mary Ellen TEAGUE b. 5 Nov 1867, d. 4 June 1952 in Castle, OK.
14. William Christopher GENTRY b. 2 Nov 1844 in TN,

m. 28 Oct 1874, d. 19 Jan 1917 in Rudy, AR.

15. Sarah Jane JACKSON b. 24 Mar 1855 in Waxahatchie, TX, d. Dec 1932 in Rudy, Crawford Co., AR.
16. Alexander DAVIS.
17. Deborah S. PURVIANCE.
18. Solomon N. YEAGER.
19. Elmira (Miry) J. MITCHELL.
24. Murray E. WAGNER.
25. Lavina (Viney) COUCH.
26. Lorenzo D. TEAGUE.
27. Dicie Jane RAGSDALE.
28. John GENTRY.
29. Ellen WOOD.
30. Henry L. JACKSON.
31. Mary Ellen PRESLEY.

UNSUNG PIONEERS

Robert L., Lucius C. and John Pleasants

by Forrest Poorman

Following the Louisiana Purchase in 1803, the United States began opening up the territories west of the Mississippi, providing opportunities to obtain land, found communities and start commercial ventures. These incentives were sufficient to cause families to leave the growing populations of states such as Virginia, North Carolina and Tennessee to emigrate to northwest Arkansas over the next half century.

Robert L. Pleasants (b. 1783) and his wife Danacis (b. 1787) were native Virginians, belonging to a large group of

Pleasants who had settled in Goochland County. It is believed he was named for his father Robert, who appeared in the Goochland County Tax Tables for 1787.

Robert and Danacis first appear as a family in the 1830 Goochland census. They had two girls in the 15-20 age group, one son 10- 15, and two girls in the 0-10 age group. The oldest girl, believed to have been born in 1810, remains unknown. It is thought that she married young and left the home. Mary Ellen (b. 1812) married a young farmer, Tandy K. Kidd, on 2 February 1833 in Goochland County. According to the 1830 census, Tandy had been listed as the head of household, living alone but next to Charles and Mary Kidd in Albemarle County, Virginia.

Sometime after Mary Ellen's wedding in 1833, Robert, Danacis, their son Lucius C. (b. 1815) and two younger girls made the successful journey to Washington County, Mountain Township, Arkansas. By 1836 Lucius C. had become a sheriff and held that position until 1840. His name appeared on the 1837 Arkansas tax list, probably for the lot in Fayetteville, it being in Block 28l, Lot 12. He paid $67.00 for the property. Lucius and his wife are listed in Mountain Township for the 1840 census. They had no children, but had acquired eight slaves. He had received the news that his sister, Mary Ellen Kidd, had named her firstborn son Lucius Pleasants Kidd (b. 1836) after her only brother.

Robert and his family are listed in the 1840 census, living in Mountain Township very near their son Lucius. Robert had been a teacher in Virginia and continued this occupation in the new land. The two younger girls, now 18 and 15, were living with their parents. It is assumed that Robert's enthusiastic letters describing the wonders of Washington County to his daughter Mary Ellen Kidd, inspired the young couple to come to Arkansas. In 1842, Robert and Danacis had the joy of seeing their grandchildren for the first time. Ophelia Ann was eight, Lucius P., six, and William Madison, three. The Kidd

family settled in Mountain Township, fairly close to the Pleasants. The grandparents had the pleasure of having three more Kidd grandchildren. Lucious C. Pleasants and his wife were to have only one son, John (b. 1843).

One of the great tragedies of pioneer living was the death of a young mother in childbirth. Mary Ellen gave birth to little Mary Ellen 1 May 1847 and survived only until 27 June 1847. The mother was buried in Parks Cemetery. The grieving grandparents remained close to Tandy Kidd and lived to see him marry again.

By 1850 the two younger Pleasant girls had married and were involved with their own families. Robert, now 67 years old, had only his wife and their grandson John, age seven, living with him. No record has been found indicating what had happened to their son Lucius and his wife.

Their granddaughter, Ophelia Ann Kidd, married Thomas A. Reynolds in 1852. Young Reynolds must have been an exceptionally talented young man, for his father-in-law, Tandy Kidd, took him in as a partner in the T. K. Kidd Company. He owned land and considered himself a farmer. But perhaps he was best known for his artistic endeavors. In the reminiscences of J. H. Van Hoose, titled FAYETTEVILLE IN 1852 (*FLASHBACK*, 24 [1]: 5, February 1974) he writes:

"The first daguerreian artist who established himself here was our fellow citizen Thomas Reynolds, and he made very good pictures of the kind I remember well, that I paid him five dollars in gold for a small daguerrotype which I yet have, and although pictures can now be made much cheaper I would not sell it back to him for the same money with ten percent interest per annum added."

Daguerre began the explorations into photography in 1829, improving the process further in 1839. After publishing his results in 1840, John Goddard further improved the process by using a mixture of silver bromide and iodine, thus improving sensitivity and shortening the time, making portraits plausible.

Apparently Robert and his wife did not survive the next decade, for they were not enumerated in the 1860 census. Their grandson, John, age 17, remained in the Fayetteville area as a laborer, living with the John McPhenon family. Robert and his wife were spared the horrors of the Civil War and the loss of their grandson, Lucius Pleasant Kidd, who had joined Captain Thomas J. Kelly's company, First Reg., of Arkansas Mounted Volunteers, Camp Walter, Benton County, Arkansas, 28 May 1861. Lucius was ambushed and killed while visiting the family farm.

Grandson John Pleasants, his cousins Thomas Cardwell and John Cage enlisted in the Confederate Army. Young Cardwell wrote many letters home, mentioning his cousin by name. It was in September, 1862, while they were in Stirman's Reg., Sharp Shooters 3rd Brig., and 3rd Div., Army of the West, stationed in Mississippi, that he mentioned John Pleasants had been very sick but was reported getting better. There is no record to indicate if he survived. Young Thomas Cardwell was in Vicksburg when the Confederate Army surrendered there.

According to the 1850 Arkansas, Washington County census, Virginia Cardwell Pleasants, 20 years old, was a widow living with her father and her children: Richard, Mary and Margaret. The 1850 Mortality Records list a J. P. Pleasants, age 30, who died of T. B. It seems very possible J. P. was Virginia's husband. The next year Virginia married Alex Denny, widower, with children.

It is hoped that there are those who could add to the story of the PLEASANTS of Washington County and their relationship to the Cages and Cardwells. Such additions would be most welcome.

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VAN WINKLE FAMILY

Peter Marselis Van Winkle
1814 - 1882
His Life and Times

Hi Cousins/Friends,

My VAN WINKLE book is finally at the publishers and should be ready for delivery by the first of October 1990. Although I am almost too tired to think straight, right now I am very proud of this book and feel it is of heirloom quality – in appearance as well as content.

I have tried to document for my family – and yours – the wonderful heritage we share. Our forebears were fine patriots with outstanding morals which show!!

The book is almost 500 pages, hardbound with gold lettering. It contains over 1500 names, over 230 pictures (many very old!) and 125 documents. Every generation of our lineage back to 1599 is documented. A 30 page biography of Peter Van Winkle highlights the ancestor most of us share. I have located MOST of his descendants with genealogical data and many interesting biographical sketches.

Family histories are expensive to produce. it is certainly not a way to make a living. The research expenses do not figure in the price – only the publishing costs. I have had a limited number published based on the "expression of interest" shown after my letter of inquiry last spring. I did publish some extras as I feel there are a few who will want them who did not contact me – but when these are gone, there will be no more!!

The price is $50.00 with a break for multiple orders of three or more @ $45.00 each, plus $3.00 shipping handling charge for each order. I know some families will want one for each member of the family. They do make

excellent Christmas, birthday or wedding gifts. How I wish I had a copy of the *VAN WINKLE GENEALOGY* that was published in 1909!

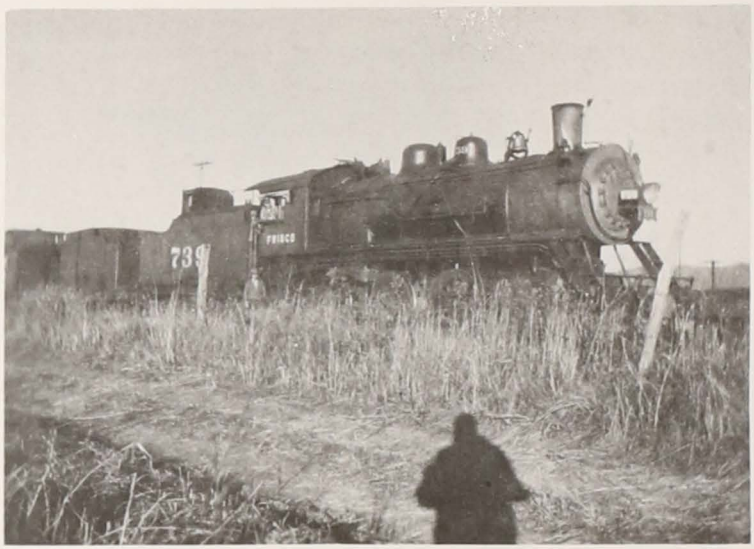
I appreciate the many prayers and expressions of concern during my illness. It appears my lymphoma is in remission. I am feeling much better these days.

Sincerely,

Marilyn Larner Hicks
3621 Duchess Trail
Dallas, TX 75229
Phone: 214-352-7929

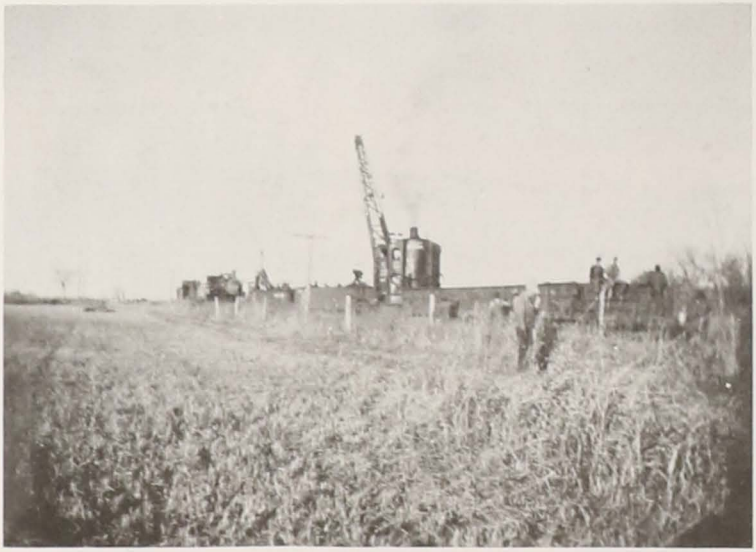
Railroad Nostalgia

Following are some shapshots that Mrs. Forrest Dutton Poorman recently found among her father's memorabilia. His story with other photos appeared in FLASHBACK for February 1989. These snapshots were made when Mr. Dutton dismantled the railroad and ultimately his job in 1942.

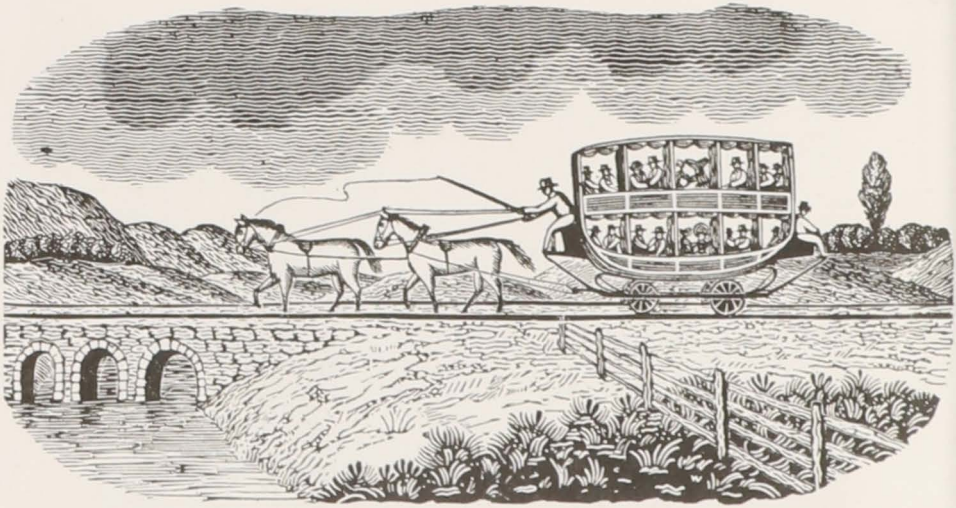


Mr. Dutton in cab of "his engine"

as work progressed in tearing up the track



The caboose seems a fitting final photo for these "end of an era" records of railroading in Northwest Arkansas



Another Time, Another Place

This is the final FLASHBACK for 1990. 1991 issues will be done on the Society's new computer, purchased through the generosity of our members.

You'll be receiving your 1991 renewal form in a few days. Please return it as soon as possible. And remember to send in gift memberships, too!

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Flashback

WASHINGTON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY